

THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM
OUR STAND POINT.The opinion of The Caucasian and
the opinion of others which we
can endorse on the various
Topics of the Day.Our young men should not be
compelled to go from home to
finish the education to fit them
for the higher professional and
scientific callings of life, and
our University should be so fos-
tered by the State as to put it
on an equal plane with the best
in the land. It has rendered
good service to North Carolina
and shed lustre upon her.—Wil. StarWe heard a citizen of Clinton
inquire a few days since, why
the slow immigration could not
be turned South, and especially
to this portion of North Caro-
lina. To this we would reply
that if said citizen thinks that
immigration will solve the prob-
lem of "bread winning," for us
that he is sadly mistaken. It is
not more people that we need
but more enterprises and manu-
facturing industries; and this we
can accomplish ourselves with
the proper spirit of enterprise
and co-operation. It is true we
haven't the immense wealth of
Northern millionaires, but
where did they get their wealth?
They made it, and nine-tenths
of them through manufacturing.
Just so we can do,—commence
small establishments and let
them gradually swell themselves
with their growing profits.
There is enough idle labor in
Sampson county to-day to run a
half dozen large factories, and
there is enough capital that can
be spread and saved if a
large number would combine to
start such enterprises, or at least
to do enough to induce outside
capital to invest. Shall we live
the next ten years just as we are
barely making both ends meet
or shall we start a great indus-
trial revolution in this section
by inaugurating such enterpris-
es? Either result can be realized
at the end of a decade.
Which will we accept?Common sense! What is it?
Who can define it? Who can
put the label on the genuine ar-
ticle? His Honor Judge Shipp
probably hit the nail on the
head, in a certain sense, with a
new and novel idea of this ar-
ticle at the last term of the
Superior Court of Sampson. He
defined common sense as the
average sense or opinion of an
indefinite number of individ-
uals on any given question. That
is, take the opinion of ten or
one hundred men on some topic
with which they are familiar
and the general thread of
their opinions would be the
common sense view. But is
there no such thing as individ-
ual common sense? Or will an
individual be said to have com-
mon sense when his opinion will
coincide with the average of the
opinions of the many? Does
Brother Bailey use the term in
this sense in his editorial of last
week, "The Lord well Labors."It is not very creditable to
the farmers of Western North
Carolina that one merchant in
Hendersonville has imported
from the West 5,000 bushels of
corn this year and will import
10,000 bushels more before au-
tumn. If there had been a crop
failure in the section into which
this Western corn has been ship-
ped there would have been
some good excuse for this,
but in a land where corn grows
well, and where abundant crops
can be raised if planted, there
is no well grounded reason for
it. The farmer in North Caro-
lina who expects to prosper and
get upon an independent foot-
ing with his granary and meat
house in the West will find him-
self mistaken, if he lives to the
age of Methuselah.—Wil. Star.

EPISCOPAL COUNCIL.

FIRST DAY.

The Annual Council of the
Diocese of North Carolina met in
St. James' Church, Wilmington,
on the 22nd ult., and held three
days. The Council Sermon was
preached by the Rev. Thomas
Atkinson, of Fayetteville, a
grandson of the late Rev. Bishop
Atkinson.In the afternoon session the
committee on the will of Miss
Smith reported that the matter
had been submitted to the
courts and their decision gave
one half of the bequest to this
Diocese, this half being estimat-
ed at \$15,000.At night services were held in
St. James' Church and a sermon
was preached by the Rev. J. M.
Hillyar, of Goldsboro.

SECOND DAY.

In the morning the Bishop
read his address and report of
his work for the year just past,
the report demonstrated that
the Bishop had labored faith-
fully. His work would have
been almost unremittent had he
not suffered from two severe at-
tacks of sickness, which pre-
vented him from accomplishing
as much as he had wished. This
report was very interesting.
The following is a summary of
his year's work: Public services
held, 158; sermons and address-
es, 130; celebrations of Holy
Eucharist, 59; baptisms, 10; con-
firmations, 207; ordinations, 3;
consecrations of chapels, 1; lay
readers licensed, 38.The Bishop closed his report
by reference to the admirable
work performed in this city by
the Sisterhood of the Good
Shepherd at St. James' Home.Remaining in the city several
days after the close of the Coun-
cil, this writer had the pleasure
of visiting this home and listen-
ing to the singing and recita-
tions of the children. Consider-
ing the ages and the lack of
advantages in their home life,
the singing and responses to the
catechism and answers to ques-
tions on subjects of use in prac-
tical every day life, were admi-
rable. These Sisters are, in an
humble way, doing a wonderful
amount of useful work—a work
whose influence for good not
only benefits the children them-
selves but extends to the homes
where these children belong.
After addressing the children in
words intended for their encour-
agement and the encouragement
of the Sisters who had taught
them so well and so devotedly,
I was shown specimens of carv-
ing done by the little boys, and
of drawing and sewing done by
the girls. The children are also
taught how to cook. I was told
that as many as 120 children
had attended this institution at
one time. I shall ever remem-
ber with pleasure the conversa-
tion I had with Sister Cecilia,
who was in charge of this Home.Mr. S. S. Nash, commissioner
of the Diocese of North Caro-
lina, addressed the Council on
the subject of appropriating a
portion of the legacy received
by this Diocese under the will
and from the estate of Miss
Smith, to the support of a Rec-
tor at the University of North
Carolina. He also, in the name
of his Diocese, invited the next
Council of East Carolina to join
Council of North Carolina in cele-
brating the centennial of the
organization of the first Conven-
tion of clergymen in North
Carolina, to be held in Calvary
Church, Tarboro, next May.By resolution the Council
cheerfully accepted the invita-
tion of the Council of North
Carolina to unite with them in
the centennial services to be
held at Tarboro.They also fixed the 14th day
of May, 1890, as the day of the
next annual meeting of the
Council, and Greenville, in Pitt
County, as the place.They respectfully declined to
accede to the request of the Di-
ocese of North Carolina to make
an annual appropriation for the
support of a Rector at Chapel
Hill.By resolution the securities
and monies received from the
legacy of Miss Smith were ap-
plied to the increase of the Per-
manent Episcopal Fund.

THIRD DAY.

On the morning of the third
day an earnest and protracted
debate sprang up in regard to
the recommendation of the Fi-
nance Committee that there
should be a capitation tax put
upon each communicant in the
Diocese in order to raise the cur-
rent expenses of the Diocese,
which includes the Bishop's sal-
ary, &c.Col. Atkinson warmly support-
ed the capitation tax.Rev. Robt. Strange opposed
the per capita tax and addressed
the Council at length, earnestlyurging only one kind of assess-
ment. He suggested that it be
made on a per centage plan,
based upon the expenses of each
parish.Maj. Hughes opposed the sub-
stitute offered by Mr. Strange as
putting a premium on Parishes
not to do their duty.Col. DeRosset moved to lay
the whole matter on the table,
which motion was passed.The chief feature of the af-
ternoon session was the report
of the committee appointed by
the Council of 1888 to report to
this Council on the "Proposed
changes in the Prayer Book."Justice cannot be done this
admirable report without giving
it in full. This, its length for-
bids us to do. In the main while
accepting the changes already
made it discourages any further
change unless the work of revi-
sion be submitted to a confer-
ence of all the branches of the
Anglican Communion. For my
part I dread the issue of this
revision and could wish it were
well through with. What with
revising the Bible, revising the
Prayer Book and revising the
Hymnal, we have had quite
enough of revision and many
of us begin to long for a settled
basis to rest on.

FRIDAY EVENING.

There was a service in St. James'
and a sermon was preached by
the Rev. J. W. Turner, Rector of
St. Paul's church, of Clinton.
On Saturday afternoon many
of the Council, myself among
the number, enjoyed an excu-
sion to Carolina Beach, in re-
sponse to an invitation tendered
the Council by three of the city
parishes.On Sunday morning St. Paul's
church was consecrated, Bishop
Watson preaching the sermon
with usual vigor.Among those who took part
in the services was the Rector
from Clinton.On Tuesday I had a pleasant
visit to the Beach beyond the
Sound at Wrightsville. T.FREE LABOR VS. SLAVE LA-
BOR."How do you people generally
regard free labor as compared with
slave?"This question was asked by a
Star reporter.It was answered as follows by
Gen. V. D. Garner, of Norfolk
Va.:"There is no comparison. Free
labor is doing wonders, not only
for Virginia, but for the whole South.
It is teaching us diversified farming,
and giving us all the products with-
in which to feed and clothe ourselves,
rather than the single staple of cot-
ton, which was so long called 'King.'
Counting the value of slaves lost by
war, the South is richer today than
ever before in its history, and its
increase in material wealth during
the next ten years will be greater
than during the past twenty, for as
they become more adapted to and
contented with free labor it will not
only become more useful, but that
labor will rapidly accumulate for
itself, which is always the wealth of
any community."The seventeen year locusts
have made their appearance
around Asheville. The Asheville
citizen says:Much interest is manifested in
the little insects which are now swarm-
ing in countless millions over the
trees and shrubs in forest, grove and
garden of this section of our State.
The fact is that our visitors do not
belong to the family of locusts
which were one of the plagues of
Egypt, and forcibly described in
many portions of Holy Writ, but are
of the species cicada, and the lineal
descendants of those who, seventeen
long years ago, deposited their tiny
eggs in the twigs of the very trees
which their offspring now infest.The first signs of their coming
were numerous eruptions of clay
over the surface of the ground,
which, being overturned, would dis-
close a hole about three-fourths of
an inch in diameter, where the little
fellow might be seen beating an ig-
nominyous retreat to depths un-
known.The record of the appearance
of these pests in the United
States was 1749.Mrs. Mimosa—"Now, Johnnie,
go and kiss your little sweet-
heart and make up."

"Johnnie—"No'm, I won't."

Mrs. Mimosa—"Go and tell
her how much you love her and
how sorry you are."Johnnie—"Guess not. Pa says
he got into a breach of promise
case for tellin' a girl that, and
had to marry the old thing. I
ain't runnin' no risks, I ain't.""Pa, will you get me a kite if
I prove that a dog has stolen tails?"
"Yes, my son." "Well, one dog
has one more tail than no dog,
hasn't he?" "Yes." "Well, no
dog has nine tails; and if one
dog has one more tail than no
dog then one dog must have ten
tails. Hand over the kite,
please." The kite came over.

HON. G. W. SANDERLIN

DELIVERS A BRIGHT, WIT-
TY, HUMOROUS AND EM-
INENTLY INSTRU-
CTIVE ADDRESS.A Large Crowd and Enjoyable Oc-
casion, in Spite of Inclement
Weather.SUBJECT—A PLEA TO YOUNG MEN
TO ADOPT FARMING AS A PRO-
FESSION.

The Farm the Great Antidote.

BELLEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL,
ORA, N. C., May 31st.The closing exercises of Belle-
ville High School were held on
Friday. The morning was dark
and rainy, yet a large crowd
braved the elements to hear the
address by the orator of the day,
who had made himself famous
as a stump speaker, in the re-
cent State campaign. Mr. D. B.
Nicholson, of the Clinton bar,
the popular and efficient Read-
ing Clerk of the last two Sen-
ates, in a very timely and hap-
py manner introduced to the
anxious audience, Hon. Geo. W.
Sanderlin, Auditor of the State
of North Carolina. Mr. Sanderlin
arose amid applause and in
his most genial and appropriate
introductory remarks put his
audience and himself on the
best of terms.He said that during the cam-
paign he was unable to come to
this county and was happy to
have the present opportunity to
meet such a number of the good
people of Sampson. He was
doubtless pleased to come on an
occasion like this, for he had
understood that Sampson led
the State with fourteen such
high schools, which like beacon
lights stand upon the moral and
educational shores of a nation's
progress. The tendencies of hu-
man nature are either to brood
upon the past and conjure up
bright pictures of what "might
have been," or to foster hope by
painting a rosy prospectus of
what may be. In fact the poet-
ry of manhood is, "when I was
a boy," the poetry of boyhood
is, "when I will be a man." This
tendency to look forward into the
future or back into the past
was recognized by Johnson in
the opening chapter of Rasselas:"Ye who listen with credulity to
the whispers of fancy, and pursue
with eagerness the phantoms of
hope, who expect that age will per-
form the promises of youth, and
that the deficiencies of the present
day will be supplied by the morrow;
attend to the history of Rasselas,
prince of Abyssinia."Also by Gray, in his Elegy,
when musing upon the latent
capabilities that lay lost and
buried under the sod in a country
church yard:Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial
fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample
page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did never un-
fold;
Chill Penury, repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless
breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood.The appliance of listening senates to com-
munity.
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
And ready their history in a nation's eyes.Now if Gray could philosophize
like this upon the "might have
been," amidst the mouldering
ruins of the empire of the dead,
how much more do I feel like
philosophizing upon the may be
amid the progressive evidences
of the empire of the living?Matthew Arnold when entering
the school at Rugby, always
lifted his hat in the presence of
the students. By way of ex-
planation he said that he did it
because it was probable that he
was in the presence of some of
the great and good citizens of
the future. So to-day I feel
like uncovering in the presence
these young people, and at the
same time entering an appeal
to them upon their future course.
Hence my subject:A plea addressed to young
men in favor of farming as a
profession or calling in life.It is true that there are many
other professions that hold out
more allurements to the young
man than farming, but it is also
true that there are thousands ofimmunities and blessings in
store for the honest faithful
and intelligent king of the soil
to which the members of other
professions are tire strangers,
of which the great bulk of the
young men of to-day are blindly
ignorant. A reporter interview-
ed a graduating class of thirty-
nine, at a Georgian college, as
to the intended professions of
each member, with the follow-
ing result: 13 selected Law; 9
medicine; 6 preaching; 4 mer-
chandising; 3 teaching; 2 edi-
tors; 1 a mechanic; 1 a farmer.
Only two of the entire class pre-
ferred to be producers; hence
how important that we magnify
the high calling of nature's no-
blemen, of those who produce
something—who increase the
world's wealth.But the only trouble about this
noble profession is that every-
body knows all about it except
farmers themselves. Editors
know all about farming. They
can tell exactly when is the
proper time for pumpkin pie
trees to bloom and bear. Poli-
ticians know exactly what kind
of seed is suited to the various
soils of each individual farmer
—just before election. College
graduates give the poor farmer
valued pointers and classic ad-
vice about how to check agri-
cultural decay in their com-
mencement orations; the preach-
er occasionally gives him a meek
little homily from the pulpit on
how to manage his business; and
so on, with all the other so-
called learned professions. (The
speaker very wittily excepted
himself.) But all this is very
natural for the members of each
one of such professions realize
that their very existence de-
pend upon the farmers' success.The fascinating and instruc-
tive speaker then proceeded to
formulate his special pleas to
young men to adopt farming as
the noblest profession.1st. Because there is no pro-
fession in which the motto:
"Ese quam videtur mali" is truer
than in farming. There is less
superficiality with the farmer,
not only because it tells with
him sooner than with others,
but also because the very nobles-
sness and independence of his
work is unsuited to the fostering
and thriving of pretenses and
shams. It is a nice thing to be
an editor and write learned ar-
ticles about things he knows
nothing about and which no one
else can understand. It is nice
thing to be a doctor, scattering
health and burying the results
of his ignorance, or when he
does not know how to cure a
simple case of colic, to look
wise about his head and call it
It is a nice thing to be a lawyer
and understand that the propo-
sition of words is to conceal the
truth, though clearly ignorant
of the fundamental principles
of law. It is a nice thing to be
a politician and know how to
hide demagoguery behind his
pretended love for the "dear
people." It is a nice thing to
be a school-teacher, save the
mark—a school-keeper and teach
children short cuts to knowledge
and hide moral and intellectual
incompetency behind sanctimo-
niousness and generalities. How
can farmers evade all these de-
ceits and shams? By elevating
themselves to the position of
educated and scientific farmers.
Give your children a sound rud-
imentary education by all means,
and give them a complete and
thorough education if possible.
When you put money in the
bank of knowledge, none, save
God himself, can destroy it.2nd. Farmers enjoy an immu-
nity from over work and early
break down. In this high pres-
sure age men in nearly every
other profession soon wear out
and become mental and phys-
ical wrecks. It is not over-
manly work, for that can be re-
lieved by a little sleep and rest, but
it is worry and an overtaxing of
the brain with business details.
Therefore farming is the anti-
dote to worry—the kind of wor-
rying that kills.3rd. It is an antidote to dis-
sipation and crime, follies
and temptation—the greatest
crimes of the day.4th. It is the antidote to po-
litical excitement.5th. It is an antidote to the
slavery to fashion of wives and
daughters.6th. It is an antidote to
chronic inertia, sometimes called
laziness. For who ever heard
of a lazy farmer! Though, un-
der ordinary circumstances, eve-
ry man is as lazy as circumstan-
ces will permit. But he must
work is ever present to the
farmer.7th. It is the antidote to the
modern craze for wealth. Also
an antidote to the want of
wealth, for no class of men know
better how to bear poverty, and
besides, the farmer is today

(Continued on Second Page.)

OUR MAIL SERVICE.

THE IMPORTANCE THAT
NONE BUT EFFICIENT
AND TRUSTWORTHY
POSTAL CLERKS BE
EMPLOYED.

A Few Reflections by an Ex-Clerk.

[Special to The Caucasian.]

MR. EDITOR: AS I have been
for the last two years employed
in the Railway Service of the
United States, and upon one of
the principal fast lines of Amer-
ica, (A. C. L.), it has been my
lot to observe the workings of
this ponderous and gigantic
method of distributing and dis-
patching the mail through every
nook and corner of this broad
land of ours. Take the daily
papers of New York city—the
Press, say, at 12 o'clock at night,
is started, and by 5 o'clock
thousands of papers have been
run off, folded, placed in canvass
sacks, and are flying on t, their
destination; and in less than 36
hours the people of Florida are
reading papers that were pub-
lished in New York over a thou-
sand miles away. Much to the
credit of our railroads is this.I might say the mail system of
the United States is ubiquitous;
railroads, steamboats, stage
routes, horse routes, and where
the country is rough and jagged,
even foot routes. Some of these
letters cost the government over
five and ten dollars to send them,
yet the aggregate whole reduces
the expense of all, and thus it
goes on; and to-day we can send
a letter anywhere in the United
States for two cents, and any-
where there is an established
route in the world for five cents.
All of this work is performed
by 4,500 postal clerks. If they
do not traverse the road they
make up pouches for those
points and forwarded by express
trains. So we might say every
foot of railroad in this whole
country has been traversed by a
postal clerk every 24 hours, and
he has got to work about eigh-
teen out of twenty-four, contin-
ually on his feet, and as rapidly
as his hands can move. Were he
to daily five minutes as the train
flow along, some business letter
would be carried by; some letter
from an absent son to a fond
mother delayed, and the sweet-
heart would sigh and sigh, "For
the letter that never came."Not only must he be able to
work, but he must study like a
student, or he must have a mem-
ory so strong that it predomi-
nates over the other faculties,
and is what we might term a
meekness; and if the memory
be not strong he must pound
and pound, hard, dry, abstract,
and disjunctive names until it
is a part of his nature. In fact
he must do everything so well
that if the train were hurled
from the track and you were to
ask him an office, and he could
instantly tell you.To give you an instance, it was
my lot to witness a terrible
wreck. The postal clerk
was badly bruised. He had been
distributing mail for the State
of South Carolina. I approach-
ed, laid my hand on his poor
bruised head, asked, "How do
you feel?" He caught the words
flow and field,—two offices in
that State. And there came from
his dry lips the husky whisper,
"How is it in Darlington county,
exception, Wiem, Jack." Field
is in Pickens county, Charlotte
and Atlanta straight. The men
who composed the postal clerks
under Mr. Cleveland's adminis-
tration were above the average.For neither Democrats or Re-
publicans were retained on any
other grounds than proficiency.
But under Mr. Harrison's admin-
istration Democrats were dis-
missed regardless of examina-
tions and qualifications, to make
room for negroes to worry the
people of the South. How
long?The postal service is the most
important of all the government
branches. For every communi-
cation, both official and private,
is entrusted directly to the care
of the postal clerk. We are al-
most at the mercy of these
men. They see each other every
day. And how quick a concert
of action could be promulgated
to quiet work. (For its more
like work than holding an office)
and our country would be utter-
ly paralyzed, for no man, be he
ever so bright, could commit to
memory twenty or twenty-five
thousand names (more words
than was used by the greatest
writer in the English language)
under a couple of years; in the
meantime what would become
of your mail? Suppose just
before an election these men all
belong to one party. They quit.
Each man has a right to quit.
You could not prosecute him fortreason, and the law prohibits
his place being supplied on. So
you can see the best and most
trustworthy of men should be em-
ployed in this peculiar branch of
the government. As we can't
always do this, our salvation
now depends upon the establish-
ment of a Telegraphic Postal
System. You say there is no
danger in this! There is! I
know whereof I speak.Respectfully,
J. C. SLOCUM.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Dress.
It is every woman's duty, first to herself,
second to her family, and third to society to
appear neat, attractive, and to an advantage
in every way possible.

[From Godley's Lady Book.]

Porders, or rows of ribbon, or
insertion, or clusters of fine
tucks trim the skirts of many
gowns.Latticed borders of narrow
black velvet ribbon, laid over
light cashmere, are on dark cash-
mere skirts, and that part of the
bodies above the corselet also
has this velvet trellis pattern.Yellow appears in many ways
this season, as entire gowns, and
as accessories in gowns of al-
most any color. Red in old rose
tints, Titian red with yellow
shading, and the less poetical,
named brick reds, are very fash-
ionably made up in summer's
fabrics.A new caprice combines surah
silk with cotton in the combina-
tion of a costume. The vest
and font, or side of skirt of su-
rah, draping upon it the fine,
new cotton fabrics, which cost as
much as the silk.

THE TABLE.

It has been said, "there are but a few things
on which health and happiness depend more
than on the manner in which food is cooked."

Sponge Fingers.

Beat the yolks of five eggs
until light colored and thick,
add one tablespoonful of lemon
juice, one cup of powdered su-
gar and beat again five minutes,
then sift in lightly three-quar-
ters of a cup of sifted flour; if
possible have pans that come for
baking these fingers, but if you
cannot get them, arrange them
in shape on white greased paper
in a baking-pan; dust them with
powdered sugar and bake a deli-
cate brown in a quick oven.

French Rolls.

Two quarts of flour, one pint
of milk, one half cupful of su-
gar, one-half cup of compressed
yeast, one even tablespoonful
of salt, two even tablespoonfuls
of lard. Rub the lard and salt into
the flour. Scald the milk and let
it cool to blood heat. Add
sugar and yeast to the milk,
make a hole in the flour, and
pour the mixture in without
stirring; set it away in a warm
place, well covered, until morn-
ing. Knead thoroughly, let it
rise until very light, and if you
have time, knead it down a cou-
ple of times, letting it get very
light between each time. Roll
out, cut into rounds, spread with
a little melted butter and double
them over; let them rise in the
pans, and bake in hot oven.

Queen Cakes.

One cup of butter, one cup of
finely powdered loaf sugar, five
eggs, two cups of flour. Cream
the butter, add the sugar and
cream again. Add the well
beaten yolks and flavoring, then
the flour and beaten whites al-
ternately. Bake in small round
tins and, when cool, ice. It
makes a nice variety to divide
the dough and add a few cur-
rants to part of it, and to an-
other part add spice to taste.

BAD ON LOW NECKS.

Fashion has rung the death-
knell of what was once the com-
fort of long and thin-necked
women. Half of the smart wo-
men of Paris have given up col-
lars altogether, and wear their
gowns cut closely around the
neck. The effect at first is very
odd, after the tall collars and
rather showy neckwear which
have been worn with tailor-
made gowns during the past
three or four years. But when
the wearer has a pretty neck
the effect is taking. The own-
ers of scrawny or unlovely necks
would never adopt the fashion
in America.—Wil. Messenger.

SHE WAS.

We overheard a girl remark
to her beau, the other night at
the lawn party, that she was a
great stickler for euphony. And
he gallantly responded, "Those
three words—yon-for-me—fill
life with thrilling strains of
soul-entrancing melody." And
then she gulped down another
spoon of ice cream, bit out a
shoe-vamp like morsel of cake,
and seemed contented and de-
lighted with the way matters
were progressing.—Wilson Mur-
dor.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Something Interesting for the
Little Folks.[Prepared for THE CAUCASIAN each week by
W. A. Johnson.]

THE SUM OF IT ALL.

The boy by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction.
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And cuts with every fraction.
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving.
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; oh me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hinderer" away?